BOBBS BRRIGHT

HIRASINGH By TALBOT MUNDY

said Ranjoor Singh, in his inner pocket by name—and them—menalso by name, on condition
he ship be sunk and we be
If you will sign the paper
above their signatures—it
stitle you to one-third of all
money. They would neither
and dare to refuse to share
also for food, for the men are starving,
but loot nothing without my order!
March!" said he.
"May I ask a question, sahib?"
said I, still lingering.
"Ask," said he.
"Would you truly have burned the German alive?" said I, and he lauvhed. entitle you to one-third of all money. They would neither

s suggestion is yours," said or Singh. "You have only own judgment for a guide." I sign it, will you let me go?"

" said Ranjoor Singh, "but il not burn you alive if you Here is a fountain-pen. Your

at his hands loose; and when I had chafed his wrists for a minute or two he was able to write on

When Ranjoor Singh had folded ten, sahib-this is a tale of tales! the paper again he said: "Those two Turks quite understood that you were to be asked to sign as In fact, if there is any misinterest as much as yours to keep | That dawn, sahib, instead of les-

escape?" asked Tugendheim.

eve already had too much of that turning that way. My 20 men fork and we intend to find Wass-luss and take part with him. Let half-asleep.

By and by, with heels sucking in business be to obey me imitly and to help us reach Wasspaper given back to you. Disobey

a hearty man in his way, given to difficult to judge. I halted and sent bullying, but also to quick forget-fulness; and I will say this much. We blew on our fingers and

him of losing them in the dark when he saw it. they might have lost heart alto-

instant alarm should his movehim, his money and various things

were given back.
"Had he no pistol?" asked Ran-

feeling proud, never w of British India is strict.

and I was silent. "Give it started. re!" said he, and I gave it up. mined it, drew out the cartand passed it to Tugend- what else!" It was three days before he

a me tell you what I have I was glad of it, although at the Presently Ranjoor Singh himself

that he brought out folded, sheltering it min under his cape. he, "is signed by the tain and mate of that mer. It is a receipt for west; turn to the left along it. mer. It is a receipt for west; turn to the left along it. Halt if you see armed men, and between you—men-send back word. Keep a lookout for food, for the men are starving.

fast if I refuse to sign?" askfasendheim, making a great
fasendheim wrench to free his wrists,

"That would have come to investigate?"

"That is what I was thinking,"

love for Ranjoor Singh and I did he gave me a little information. my shoulder, I bending forward not doubt we would strike a good and Ranjoor Singh watching like blow yet for our friends, although said, "talked too loud of this place

CHAPTER V.

hap they intend to lay all the horse, he and I and death would

sening, the rainstorm grew into a them. mean I'm to help you to deluge that saved us from being seen. As I led my 20 men forward "Exactly!" said Ranjoor Singh. I looked back a time or two, and "Now that you have signed, I am once I could dimly see steamers willing to bargain with you. We intend to find Wassmuss."

Howard back a time or two, and once I could dimly see steamers and some smaller boats tossing on the sea. Then the fiercest gust of Tugendheim pricked up his ears rain of all swept by like a curtain, and began to look almost willing. "We have heard of this Wass-shut off forever—so that I recalled muss, and have taken quite a fan-Gooja Singh's saying on the transto him. Your friends proposed port in the Red sea, about a cur-

the mud, we came to the road of mass, and on the day we reach our which Ranjoor Singh had spoken goal you shall go free with this and I turned along it. It had been me, and you shall sample unheard- traffic and now the rain made matof methods of repentance! Do we ters worse, so we made slow progof methods of repentation.
understand each other?"
"I understand you!" said Tuto make out dimly through the
storm what looked like a railway I, too, wish to understand," said station. There was a line of tele Ranjoer Singh.

"It is a bargain," said Tugendheim. But I noticed they did not
heim. But I noticed they did not
iments. I could see no sign of shake hands after European fash-ion, sithough I think Tugendheim men, but in that light, with rain would have been willing. He was swirling hither and thither, it was

fulness, and I will say this much for him, that although he was ever stamped to keep life in ourselves, on the lookout for some way of until at the end of 10 minutes he breaking his agreement, he kept it locally enough while a way was lacking. I have met men I liked My twenty were already speechless with unhappiness and hunger, but likes a growing by that time to like a king on his way to be crowned locks.

If was growing by that time to like a way that time to like a king on his way to be crowned locks.

Judge it.

According to Henry L. Mencken, the well known critic, this Comstock society and other societies of similar nature have a pronounced lowed in print. They imply that elsewhere. Finally all the design of the language; he cananyone however young or feeble-unobjectionable language; he cananyone however young or It was growing by that time to be had instilled some of his own spirit into the rest of the regiment, cather did not improve. The rain me down in squalls and sheets did with a swing in good order. He had Tugendheim die were famished as well as the total number of fiction is in constant and sheets of the skin—all that fe to the skin—all that the same or a similar nature have a pronounced effect on the quality of American literature. It is not that the actual number of books suppressed is large, but that every American writer of fiction is in constant and literature that the same or a similar nature have a pronounced effect on the quality of American lowed in print. They imply that elsewhere. The similar nature have a pronounced lowed in print. They imply that elsewhere. It is not that the actual number of books suppressed is large, but that every American writer of fiction is in constant. wet to the skin-all, that is to say, grinning in hope of our capture except Tugendheim, who had enjoyed the shelter of the hut. The was doomed to disappointment. He teeth of many of the men were was destined also to see the day chattering. Yet we stood about for when he should hope for our esour or more, because it was cape. But from subsequent actoo dark and too dangerous to quaintance with him I think he march over unknown ground. I was appreciating the risk we ran Ranjoor Singh did not dare and Ranjoor Singh's great daring.

squander what little spirit the men I say this for Tugendheim, that he had left; if they had suspected knew and respected resolution When I had pointed out what I could see of the lay of the land, But at last there grew a little cold color in the sky and the sea took on a shade of gray. Then Ranjoor Singh left me in charge and marched away with Tugendheim should be shoul to guard our prisoner by day and shivering, the rain making pools at night, taking turns to pretend to our feet that spread and became be his servant, with orders to give one. So I made the men mark time and abused them roundly for ments seem suspicious. After that being slack about it, they grum-Tugendheim was searched, but, bling greatly because our prisoner nothing of interest being found on was marched away to shelter. bullied them as much as I dared.

and we stamped the road into a veritable quagmire, as builders tread mud for making sun-dried "Yes," said I, "but I took it when we bound and gagged him on the bricks, so that when three-quarters steamer." And I drew it out and And I drew it out and of an hour had passed and a man came running back with a message ing had such a weapon-for the from Ranjoor Singh there was a little warmth in us. I did not need by did you not tell me? he to use force to get the column

"Come!" said the trooper. "There is food, and shelter, and who knows

So we went best foot first along spots to Tugendheim and caused the road, feeling less than the new the pistol back. I hungry and not weak at all, now think the men were impressed, and that we knew food was almost the road, feeling less than half as



Weight Reduction. I'm trying to reduce my weight, I'm eating many things I hate my ample frame, and lose my double chin. I've cut out bread, and too, and all things sweet, and liquid glue, and milk and clotted cream; and while I hope to lose a ton, the stunt I'm doing is no fur.
existence is a scream. Oh, others seek the groaning board, and
whack of the groaning board, and whack off victuals with a sword, and eat whate'er they please; and they may fill themselves with jam indulge in gravy, pie and ham, and 40 kinds of cheese. And I alone must sadly browse on fodder that was meant for cows, and shun the tempting things; the dinner bell for me no more brings tidings of good grub in store, it jars me when it rings. The dweller in the crowled flat, the artisan, the plutocrat, may eat whate'er they make the latter that the stress of straw, or feed may eat whate'er they wish; but I must boil a mess of straw, or feed on semproof prunes and slav; and cheap denatured fish. And while the mash of bran is mited, my eyes are on my waistline fixed, and fixed theron in vain; I'do not lose a single pound, I starve where wholesome pies about is weight reduction same?

(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

within reach. Truly a man's de-sires are the valuest part of him. Less hungry, we were at once less weary, and vastly less afraid; yet too much in a hurry to ask ques-tions of the measure.

tions of the messenger!
Ranjoor Singh came out of a building to meet us, holding up his hand, so I made the men halt and began to look about. It was cer-tainly a railway station, with a long platform, and part of the plat-form was covered by a roof. Par-allel to that was a great shed with closed sides, and through its half-open door I could smell hay—a very good smell, sahib, warming to the heart. To our right, across what might be called a yard—thus -were many low sheds, and in on there were horses feeding; in others I could see Turkish soldiers sprawling on the straw, but they took no notice of us. Three of the low sheds were empty, and Ranjoor Singh pointed to them. "Let all except 20 men," said he

any one asks questions, say only 'Allah!' So they will think you are Muhammadans. If that should seem not sufficient, say 'Wassmuss!' But unless questioned many times, say nothing! As you value your lives, say nothing more than those two words to any one at all! Rather be thought fools than be hanged before breakfast!"

suggestion is yours," said r Singh. "You have only in judgment for a guide."

"Do such thoughts burn your brain?" said he. "A threat to a bully—to a fool, folly—to a drunk-ard, drink—to each, his own! Be going now!"

"So I saluted him and led away, wondering in my heart, the weather is a fountain-pen. Your shall be loosed when you are indheim nodded, so I went has bands loose; and when lipoli, where the nearest British lipoli, where the nearest British count out four loaves for each and were, yet my heart felt bold with every one of us and then at lest every one of us, and then, at last,

and Ranjour Single and the paper. I had no least idea who Wassmuss in my hearing." I stood gnawing But he made no effort to play was, nor whither we were march- a loaf already, and I urged him to If I had known—eh, but listake one, but he would eat nothing sahib—this is a tale of tales! until all the men should have been at this point," said he, "and march If a man stole my dinner, I might them to the shore to be shipped to let him run; but if he stole my Gallipoli, because they riot and hap they intend to lay all the horse, he and I and death would make trouble if kept in barracks in blame on you. But it is to their play hide and seek.—Ranjoor Singh. Skutar! or Shamboul. This bread was intended for two train-loads of

(To Be Continued.)

that they are immoral, of two books

published by highly reputable

with little criticism, but in the case alike fear.

Frederic Haskin's Letter

POLICING OUR LITERATURE.

claiming it a masterpiece.

SCHOOL DAYS—By DWIG



sometimes to suppress a book, on New York, March 30.-The re-the first class intelligence of the their own judgment, by a mere cent suppression, on the ground whole world had joined in prowave of the hand. But even if he goes into court, the author or pub-Not only this, but Comstock and lisher is given no fair chance, ac-American firms, has attracted rethey do not even need to find a jury studied all of the decisions in such American firms, has attracted renewed attention to the activities of
the New York society for the suppression of vice, otherwise known
pression of vice, otherwise known
by merely threatening prosecuby merely thr as the Comstock society, which made the attacks on both of them. Heretofore the activities of the Comstock society seem to have met of the novel just suppressed. ("Jurgen," by James Branch Cabell), several of the strong conservative newspapers of the country have expressed disapproval of this policities of our patient little of the country have expressed in the title of one o evidence that the person to whom ing of our national literature by an organization which is they say. "Morals, Not Art or Literature." men themselves; he cannot plead organization which is, they say, Morals, Not Art or Literature.

They take the view that no book that the alleged obscenity, in point doubtfully well qualified to which could conceivably incite of fact, is couched in decent and which could conceivably incite of fact, is couched in decent and which could conceivably incite of fact, is couched in decent and which could conceivable unphisotionable language; he can

The quotation is from Mencken's "A Book of Prefaces," and he cites society chooses to consider im- volves the destruction of all in footnotes the cases in which these precedents have been estab-lished. He surely describes a curious legal machinery to exist in a country which is supposed to be the home of a free press, free! speech, individual liberty and jus-

> The actual workings of this legal machine have been exceedingly ir-regular. For example, two books by American authors of high repute published by American publishers in good standing have been attacked within recent years. One of these was "Hagar Revelly" by Daniel Carson Goodman, and the other "The Genius" by Theodore Dreiser. During the same time two novels by the Russian, Artzibashef, have been published in translation and have gone unscathed, although they treated sex in a far more morbiand radical manner than either of the American books. Such examples of inconsistency could be multiplied at great length. Comstock activity has not been a systematic campaign against anything in particular; it has merely been a series of isolated assaults on individual authors and publishers. Its net effect has not been to purge our book stores and libraries of anything whatever, but merely to keep our native authors and publishers in a state of terror and ocensionally in a state of bankruptcy. While a book like "The Genius" is withheld from circulation any one may go to the library of congress and get the complete works of Guy de Maupassant, which are equally frank and far more morbid in their treatment of sex themes. They may also find there, or in any other first-class library, hundreds of other foreign works which are more indictable on the same counts than the American novels which have been suppressed. The Comstocks often fail even to keep out of circulation the books they suppress "Jurgen" has been enormously advertised by its suppression and is now selling secretly in New York at \$10 a copy. But the author is

not getting any of this money. Such is the argument against the them intimate questions about their Comstocks which is made by critics business or their families or about and authors. In its defeuse it the old dog that got a thorn in its claims that it is defending the foot. I can't sit down and write young against the demoralizing in-the names, but I know the names." fluence of art. Not only is this defense weakened by the considersthere was a vacancy in the senate, tion that the Comstocks have in

WR. PIG'S GREAT IDEA.

The next thing they knew the twins felt themselves dumped out of the bag, along with the lumpy things and the Mushroom. "That's the very first time," a surprised voice repeated, "I ever heard truffles sneeze." For Nick had sneezed when the string tickled

Then Nancy and Nick understood everything. There stood Mr. Pig with an empty sack in his hand, looking at them, by the light of a lantern that stood on his kitchen table.

"Why, what's the matter here?" he cried, his mouth dropping "That's what we were wondering!" piped up Nancy in a tiny voice. She couldn't speak very loud, as she and Nick were quite little, for



There stood Mr. Pig with an empty sack in his hand looking at them.

they hadn't time to wish themselves big again. they hadn't time to wish themselves big again. "We were asleep under our Mushroom when something got us and brought us here."
"So that's it," nodded Mr. Pig. "I was out digging up truffles, and I must have got you by mistake."
"Are these truffles?" asked Nick, looking at the lumpy things.
"Yes, indeed, and they are the most delicious articles you ever ate," said Mr. Pig enthusiastically. "I was told they grew thick in Tropsy-Turyy Lend so Leave here to live."

lopsy-Turvy Land, so I came here to live.

"They don't smell very delicious," said Nancy wrinkling her nose.
"Can you smell?" cried the pig delightedly.
"Yes, of course we can," laughed the twins.
"Well, well, what luck!" exclaimed the pig, quickly slipping the twins into his sack again. "I need some good smellers to help me hunt, as I'm getting very tired myself. My snout is nearly more nearly with receiping." And ways he terraid to help me hunt, as I'm getting very tired myself.

worn out with rooting." And away he started to the woods again But he had forgotten to take along the Magical Mushroom, in fact, be hadn't seen him at all, and now, not intending to be left behind, the Mushroom gave a jump and landed on Mr. Pig's back.

Some more tomorrow.

many dissent and some howl with arms are also dangerous in the rope, we must encourage our writ- women frankly and openly All of rage when a work like "Jude the hands of children, but we do not ers to write, not for the youngest these could logically be suppressed Obscure" by Thomas Hardy, one therefore abolish firearms from the and the most feeble-minded of and denied the mails under the law: of the most famous novelists in the face of the earth. It is not consid- Americans, but for the most edu- of this country. Indeed, as Mencker world, is attacked on the same ered necessary to destroy al! food cated and intelligent of them. Let shows, one man has been prosecutioned and by inference put in the pot suitable for infants and dys-us remember that all of the great ed in America for sending a quotasame class.

It has been shown that the Comstocks have crected a machine which makes it possible for them sometimes to appear to the sometimes to the sometimes to appear to appear to the sometimes to appear to

"We're always meeting friends"

_Chesterfield

OVER three million smokers - over three million friends—know the "satisfying" goodness of Chesterfield's expert blend of fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos.

These smokers know that such richness of flavor, such mellowness of taste, can only come from the choicest tobaccos, bought and blended by experts.

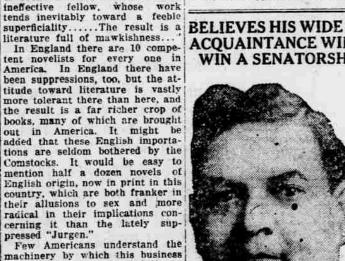
And they know that the Chesterfield blend is an exclusive blend, that it cannot be copied or even closely imitated. They know that only Chesterfields can "satisfy."



Extra wrepper of moisture-proof, glassine paper on Chesterfield's freshness and flavor



name and his property if he writes fluences of every kind; but a good something which the Comstock many deny that such protection inworks of art which are not suited "It is no wonder," he writes, to the young and unsophisticated.



machinery by which this business of censoring their national literature is carried on. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice was founded by Anthony Comwho received his first financial backing from Morris K. Jesup Comstock got a bill through con-gress in 1873 which prohibited the sending through the mails of "ohscene, lewd, lascivious or filthy matter, but which did not define these adjectives, leaving it wholly to the jury to decide what came within the meaning of the law. A similar amendment to the New York code of criminal procedure added to the strength of the prose-cutors by enabling them to attack the publishers under state

business is located. Now this law was primarily deworthless pornographic literature—a thing which everyone agreed should be done. Several such including the notorious books, including the notorious of the control of th which may be found on the shelves of every first class library in the world. In other words, he showed that a power which had been created for the suppressing of worthless literature could be used ruthlessly for the suppression of any book whatever, even though now is Edward James Gay. which may be found on the shelves

"that the typical American maker All applaud when a book like "Only of books becomes a timorous and a Boy" is suppressed, but a good **ACQUAINTANCE WILL** WIN A SENATORSHIP



J. Y. Sanders.

New Orleans .- J. Y. Sanders of Louisiana has at last set out for his law in the city where nearly the life's goal, a seat in the United whole of the American publishing States senate. He has risen step by step in politics with the senatorship in view, and his chief asset is personal acquaintance with about 75.000 voters in his state. That

> "I can call 60,000 Louisiana voters by name," Sanders says, "ask

leaves only 15,000 he does not know.

While Sanders was governor